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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Some big Great

The trial was ended, the vigil past. All clad in his arms was the knight at last. The goodliest knight in the whole wide land. With face that shone with a purpose grand. The king looked on him with gracious eyes. And said: "He is meet for some high emprise." To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate. I will surely die or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away; There was trouble and need in the town that day; A child had strayed from his mother's side into the woodland dark and wide. "Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild, "Help me, my knight, to seek my child; The hungry wolves in the forest roam; Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bride rein. "Alas poor mother, you ask in vain, Some meager succor will do, maybe, Some squire or varlet of low degree. There are mighty wrongs in the world to right. I keep my sword for a noble fight. I am sad at heart for baby's fate, But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun was set, A blind old man by the way he met, "Now, good sir knight, for our lady's sake, On a slightest wanderer pity take! The wind blows cold and the sun is down, Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town." "Nay," said the knight; I cannot wait: I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright, His sword all kept for the longed-for fight. "Laugh with us, laugh," cried the merry crowd, "Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.

"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed, But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed. And the years rolled on and his eyes grew dim, And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have. He missed the blessing he might have won. Seeking some glorious task to find, His eyes to all humbler work were blind. He that is faithful in that which is least, Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast. Yet men and women lament their fate, If they be not called to do something great. —Selected.

Emir's Return

One of the horses that William and Nancy Rockhill brought with them when they emigrated from Maryland to Indiana and from there to Illinois was Emir, a beautiful chestnut three-year-old. His dam, a favorite horse of Nancy's grandfather, Colonel Wylie, of Oak Crest, Maryland, had died when he was only a few old, and the colonel had given him to Nancy as a mark of special favor. She herself cared for the little orphan colt and he remained faithful to her as long as he lived.

Emir had a strain of Arab blood; he was a descendant of Ayesha, a thoroughbred mare with a track record, that Colonel Wylie owned in the gay, horse-racing days that preceded the Revolutionary War. His handsome head, arched neck and well-formed legs gave dignity and grace even to the labors to which the Rockhills were compelled to put him. Admirers of the horse made large offers for him, but he became so much a part of the family that the Rockhills, although they would have been able to use the money to good advantage, could not bring themselves to part with him.

In those early days horse thieves plied their trade with great impunity in the Middle West. That Emir escaped them so long was probably owing to the fact that the Rockhills settled on land in Illinois that was far from other settlers and that strangers seldom frequented. The principal events of the year were the two trips that they made, one in the spring and the other in the autumn, to the nearest mill and trading post, at Attica, on the Wabash River, Indiana. There they bartered their produce for household and farm necessities and had their grain ground for their flour supply of the next six months.

They had never driven Emir to Attica until the autumn of 1836, when a distemper made all the horses except the chestnut and one other unfit to draw a load so great a distance. Of course Emir excited general admiration among the people at the mill and at the trading post. William Rockhill's vanity was gratified to have the horse praised and it gave him something pleasant to relate to his wife, who had been unable to go with him.

One morning toward the last of November, a few weeks after he had returned, Emir was missing from the stable. There was only one conclusion to draw: the horse had been stolen. Fortune had favored the thief; a light fall of snow had completely covered all tracks and made it impossible for anyone to follow his trail.

That day and many days that followed were sad ones for the entire family. William Rockhill rode scores of miles to make inquiries, but he could find no trace of the thief. In those days horse thieves usually joined forces and formed well organized gangs, the members of which by acting in unison could place a horse beyond recovery in a very short time. The various members of the gangs lived perhaps a night's ride apart in a coarse across the country. By riding a stolen horse only at night the thief could easily get away from the zone of danger. During the day he always kept in hiding at one of the coverts on the course.

The Rockhill children greatly mourned the loss of the gentle friend on whose back they had learned to ride. Though their mother did not show her feeling, she probably felt the loss the most keenly of them all, for she had taken care of Emir when he was a colt and had trained him to the saddle. Moreover, his loss was the breaking of another bond that connected her with her dear old home in Maryland. Once her husband awoke in the night and found her sitting in front of the fire, with a shawl over her head to muffle the sobs that for the sake of her family she had kept back during the day.

Heavy snows came in the first week of December that year, and a fortnight of cold weather followed. On Sunday morning, the eighteenth of the month, the weather began to moderate; by noon it was unseasonably warm, and the snow had begun to melt rapidly. The springlike temperature continued throughout Monday, and early on Tuesday morning it began to rain. By three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain ceased, everything was soaked with water.

The snow that still remained unmelted had mixed with the rain water and had formed a slush that covered the ground several inches deep. The river that flowed through the Rockhill land had overflowed its western bank, and spread out across a slough that covered a wide expanse of land on the side opposite the house. From a sluggish prairie stream the river had become a rushing torrent.

For perhaps half an hour after the rain ceased to fall the air was almost balmy, more suggestive of early spring than of winter. Then an ominous black cloud suddenly appeared in the west and advanced rapidly. As it came it spread out over the sky and turned the winter twilight into darkness. It brought wind, and the roar of it became louder and louder. The full force of the blast struck with a suddenness that was overwhelming. The icy gusts congealed every particle of moisture in the air. In a few minutes the temperature fell from above freezing to several degrees below zero. As if by magic the water and slush that covered the ground became a sheet of ice.

That evening when William Rockhill came into the house after caring for the stock he said that the ice was thick enough to bear a horse. He had been out in the rain earlier in the day, and now his greatcoat was as stiff as a board, and he had to stand in front of the fire before he could get out of it.

The wind was almost a hurricane now; it shrieked round the little log house at the edge of the timber, roared in the chimney and searched out every crevice to pour in its icy blasts. At the end of the room farthest from the fire the air was freezing cold.

After supper, which for the sake of comfort was eaten on the hearth in the front of the fire, the two older children brought out nuts to crack, and their father drew up the home-made high backed settle, in which he and his wife could sit with comparative comfort, for they faced a roasting fire, and their backs were protected against the cold in the rear of the room.

They were sitting there talking to each other and listening to the shrill

cry of the wind when suddenly Nancy sprang to her feet with a look of astonishment.

"Listen!" she cried. "I heard Emir neigh!" "Probably it was one of the horses in the stable," replied her husband soothingly, for he understood how much she had grieved over the loss of Emir.

"No! I know it was Emir. There it is again!" she exclaimed. "I don't hear anything except the wind," William said after he had listened for a few moments.

Without waiting to say more, Nancy threw a shawl round her shoulders and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," said her husband, and, leaving his seat, he took down his own coat and his wife's. "If you feel that way about it, I'll go with you. But first you must wrap up."

She put on her coat and turned to the door; and her husband, after pausing to tell the children that they would return in a few minutes, followed her out into the icy blackness. They stood a moment just outside, thinking that they should be able to see better when their eyes became accustomed to the change from the lighted room; but not a star could they see in the overcast sky.

Feeling their way, they started toward the leeward side of the house. Suddenly Nancy grasped her husband's arm. From the west, borne on the hurrying wind, came the faint neigh of a horse.

"It is Emir!" Nancy cried exultantly.

"It surely is a horse," said William, "but I don't think that it can be Emir."

"O William, it is! I know his neigh too well! There it is again!" "But if it is Emir, why doesn't he come to the house?" asked William after listening a moment. "He must be alone; no thief would come so near the house with him."

"The sound comes from the river," she said anxiously. "He may have tried to cross on the ice and broken through. I'm going to get him!"

As she spoke she started forward, but her husband caught her arm and held her. "Don't get excited!" he said. "If Emir or any other horse is in the river, we'll have a hard time to get him out. Wait here while I go back to the house for a lantern."

A few minutes later when he rejoined her, he had a rope and an axe as well as the tin candle lantern. By the feeble rays of light from the candle they made their way over the slippery ice and down to the bank of the river. All the time the horse's neighing guided them on.

At the point where they came to the river the bank was high, and there was no overflow, as there had been at the opposite bank where the slough lay. William and Nancy had been picking their way through the trees that lined the river, and when they came out into the full fury of the wind they shrank from it and for a moment stood with their backs to the icy blast.

The horse had evidently caught a glimpse of the light, for he began to neigh more frantically. And now William and Nancy could hear a noise that sounded like the crunch of breaking ice, as if the animal were struggling to get out of a hole, but the sound came from some distance out in the slough beyond the river.

Apparently there was no way to get across the main current to rescue him. The more quiet waters of the slough were doubtless frozen sufficiently to bear the weight of a man, but it did not seem possible that in so short a time the stream could be frozen more than a few feet from the shore.

Holding the axe in one hand and carrying the lantern, shielded by the skirt of his greatcoat, in the other, William cautiously felt his way out on the new ice. Stopping and uncovering his lantern for a moment, he sounded the ice with his axe, then took a step forward and sounded it again.

Meanwhile Nancy, watching expectantly for each flash of the light, forgot about the horse in her anxiety for her husband; and as he advanced farther and farther across the stream her alarm increased. His shout of triumph startled her; she could hardly believe that he had not broken through the ice, until he came hurrying back and shouted that the stream,

which a few hours before had been a swollen current, was now safely frozen over.

They crossed together, and, guided by the insistent neighing of the horse, which had not ceased his clamor since he first spied the light, they slowly advanced across the slough. The wind buffeted them mercilessly, and they stumbled through the branches of partly submerged willow, but at last they distinguished a dim shape directly ahead.

William raised the lantern, and, peering into the darkness, they saw the horse. It was Emir, standing with eyes and nostrils dilated in anticipation. He was waiting for them! Though he had not broken through the surface, the pulverized ice that he had pawed up with his iron-shod hoofs lay round him like a bank of freshly fallen snow.

With a low cry of delight Nancy rushed to him and flung her arms impulsively round him, and Emir at once arched his neck and gently nibbled at her hood in a manner that plainly expressed his affection.

Nancy was so busy telling Emir how much she had missed him that at first she did not see why he was staying in the spot where he had pawed the ice. But by the light of the lantern William had seen a dark huddled mass partly covered with ice flakes lying a few feet away. He bent down to examine it more closely and discovered that it was the body of a man who had evidently been overcome with cold and fallen from his saddle. Emir, gentleman that he was, had been too faithful to shirk the trust even of an unknown rider, and had stood by.

William's exclamation of astonishment at his discovery attracted Nancy's attention. She ran to him just as he was holding the light to see the rider's face. It was that of a boy who could not be more than eighteen years old. William shook him, and the boy opened his eyes, stared blankly a moment and then closed them. "Leave me alone," he muttered.

William Rockhill knew what to do. He took his knife from his pocket, cut a stout willow switch and handed it to his wife. Then he cut away the buttons from the boy's stuffy frozen greatcoat and pulled the garment off. He lifted the boy to his feet, told Nancy not to spare the whip and, half carrying, half dragging the lad, started back toward the river. Behind him came Nancy, wielding the switch against the boy's back. Behind her came Emir with his nose almost against her shoulder. At first the boy scarcely felt the sharp cuts of the whip, and his only protest was a thump, "Leave me alone." But when his blood began to circulate more freely he became more vehement.

By the time they had crossed the stream and had gained the shelter of the woods he was alternately shrieking in anger and begging for mercy. Presently he even began to take stumbling steps. At last the strange procession reached the house. The children had heard them coming and had rushed to the door, where they stood in a shivering group silhouetted against the light from the fireplace.

All of the skill in pioneer nursing for which Nancy Rockhill was justly famed, was expended during the next few days in saving the boy's life and limbs. Slowly under her constant care he recovered from the effects of the terrible exposure.

He had seen Emir when William Rockhill drove to the trading post and a short time later had been induced to steal the horse. He had run under cover to St. Louis, but either he had conceived a genuine admiration for Emir and dreaded to turn him over to an unknown master or those nights that he had spent in lonely riding from one covert to the next had worked a change in his character. Instead of turning the horse over to the gang at St. Louis, he determined to return him to the rightful owner. Riding by night again and by day hiding in the deep woods, he had worked his way back to the north, and had almost reached his destination when, exhausted and half frozen, he slipped from the saddle.

Gradually and without questioning the story of his life came out. His name was Frank Held, and he had been born in an Ohio River town. When he was five years old his parents had died of smallpox, and he was left destitute and without

friends or relatives. He was "bound out" to a carpenter who treated him brutally, and at the age of fourteen he ran away. Since then he had been wandering from place to place. The previous autumn he had been working in the mill at Attica, where he had struck up an unfortunate acquaintance with a member of a horse-stealing gang that operated across Illinois to St. Louis.

Frank Held made a good man. For several years he lived at the Rockhills; then he married and bought a farm of his own, and to-day his grandchildren and great-grandchildren are among the most respected people in Champaign County.

In the histories of Illinois many accounts are given of the sudden change of December 20, 1836; but to the Rockhill family it was always known as the day when Emir, their pride and pet, returned to his home.

The Ichneumon

Few persons who live outside the tropics know that the cat has such a serpent-like member in its family as the ichneumon, which also is called the Egyptian mongoose and Pharaoh's rat. Its coat is a tawny gray, stiff, harsh hair, which covers not only its twenty inches of body but its half yard of tail. Its legs are reddish brown, its tiny feet black. Its movements are snake-like and lithe. Its eyes are small, brilliant and glowing at night. Its hearing is said to be quite dull. Living in holes in the ground and crevices of rocks, it has little use for that sense, since, like our own feline pussy, it has whiskers, or feelers, that convey to the brain the least touch.

The ichneumon is extremely cleanly. After each meal it makes a complete toilet by the aid of its tiny, red tongue. With this ever-ready wash cloth it smooths out the tangles upon one kitten's head, washes the neck of another, and gives an investigating lick behind the ear of a third, and finally, with half-closed eyes, resigned itself to repose.

The ichneumon is playful, and sports with its companions, springing gracefully, with its back arched and long tail waving. If its curiosity is aroused it paws over an object, tapping it gently, inquiringly. Then, jumping into the air, it comes down, upon the bit of stone or the beetle as the case may be, biting it, catching it up in its four paws and rolling over with it like a kitten.

Like all of the cats, except the lion, the ichneumon has power to climb. It feeds upon young birds, lizards, mice, rats and reptiles. But its favorite dish is found in the nest of a crocodile. All those great, scaly creatures—crocodiles and alligators—find an enemy in this slender cat. The female crocodile leaves the cradle unattended; she lays her eggs in a hole in the sand and lets the warm rays of the sun do the incubating. The eggs are not so large but that an ichneumon can eat several at a meal. In that manner the little cat destroys thousands of eggs during the year.

In Rikki-tikki-tavi Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells of a fight between a great cobra and an East Indian species of ichneumon that never hesitates to attack a serpent. Sometimes it sits patiently for hours waiting for its prey to appear, then flings itself upon the victim, seizes it by the back of the head, and shakes it as a terrier does a rat. If the snake puts up a fight and attempts to strike its tormentor with its venomous fangs, the thick skin and stiff hair of the cat make a puncture almost impossible.

There is an aromatic shrub in those Eastern lands of which the ichneumon is very fond. It is amusing to watch it pull off the leaves and either eat of them, or dropping them on the ground, roll over and over upon them, apparently enjoying the fragrance, as our domestic cat enjoys the fragrance of garden catnip. Some writers say that an ichneumon will not engage in battle with a poisonous snake unless one of these shrubs is near. It is certainly true that the little cat will call an armistice and hasten to the plant to partake of the leaves. Then, refreshed or revived, it returns to the attack.

But for its bad temper the inhabitants of Egypt would make household pets of the ichneumons. No native will kill them, but welcomes and protects them whenever the opportunity offers.

Volcanic Explosions

A jacky on an English destroyer about half a mile away happened to be standing by an open porthole watching the vessel when it took fire. At the instant the great explosion occurred—before the shock and the sound reached him—there was a vast blinding glare. Not knowing what it was, he turned to a companion to ask him to take a look, and at that moment the blast hit the destroyer and keeled it over, nearly bottom up. Small fragments of the wreckage came through the porthole, badly lacerating the jacky's face and neck.

In that case the explosion was so tremendous that the destruction on shore was wrought, not by the sound wave of the explosion, but by the blast of air propelled by the expanding gases. The blast of air travels, not like a wave of sound, but like a shot from a gun. In most explosions, of course, it would not have done damage at such a great distance.

Tremendous as are such explosions as those at New York and Halifax, they are little indeed compared with the explosions that sometimes accompany volcanic eruptions. Mother Earth is the greatest of all manufacturers of explosives. Water seeping down into the crust of the earth and trapped in large quantities in the neighborhood of volcanoes sometimes becomes heated to high incandescence—heated until it is no longer water or steam, but mingled oxygen and hydrogen, with a temperature far above that at their dissociation. The gases may occupy a space no larger than the original water, and they consequently exert a pressure as great as the strongest dynamite.

The most notable volcanic explosion that ever occurred in historic time was when that old extinct volcano, Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, which had been sleeping for two hundred years, was literally blown into the sky by the pressure of the pent-up gases beneath it.

That great eruption occurred in 1883. More than thirty thousand persons were killed. The captain of a tramp steamer, who happened to be passing in the vicinity of Krakatoa at a distance of some miles a short time before the explosion occurred saw a very strange disturbance in the sea in the direction of the old mountain. Taking his glass, he saw a veritable Niagara of water pouring into an enormous fissure that had opened in the earth. He was struck with consternation and, rightly imagining that something very serious was likely to happen soon, he put on steam to escape, fortunately had reached such a distance that he was able to survive when the awful blast came.

The vast mass of water that had tumbled into the bowels of the earth was immediately trapped by the closing of the great fissure down which it had poured. The water was quickly converted by the intense heat into a veritable high explosive, with the result that the massive mountain was literally blown skyward, and fell in huge fragments into the surrounding sea. The shock was so great that it was felt clear through the earth, and the immense tidal wave that was set going encircled the globe. The opposing portions of the great wave, meeting in the lower Atlantic Ocean, flowed up even to the coast of France. An atmospheric wave passed around the earth three times at exactly the speed of sound. It is estimated that the amount of volcanic mud that was discharged from the mountains during the eruption was more than the muddy Mississippi discharges into the Gulf of Mexico in two hundred years.

There was so much impalpable fine volcanic dust blown into the upper atmosphere, that it did not entirely settle out of the air for more than two years—a period that was noted for its beautiful glowing sunsets, owing to the illumination of the fine dust suspended in the upper air.

Some conifers, or cone-bearing trees, are pines, spruces, hemlocks, firs, larches, cedars, cypresses and junipers.

The vinegar made by the Arabians is said to be the best in the world.

Plants After Their Kind

Meissonier had a gardener who was a good botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him.

"I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived.

"Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked.

The gardener examined them with great attention, and at length replied:

"Oh yes, that is the seed of the polpus flumimus, a rare tropical plant."

A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier.

"How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked.

"Fifteen days," said the gardener.

At the end of fifteen days the guests were once more at the table. After dinner the gardener was announced.

"M. Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground."

"Oh, this is a little too much," said the great painter, and all went out into the garden to behold the botanical wonder.

The gardener lifted up a glass bell under which was a little bud carefully made, and from which protruded three rows of red herrings, only the heads appearing. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but re-engaged him next day.

Why Did The Lion Leave India?

It made a good naturalist rub his eyes to read that a magnificent lion and lioness had arrived at the London Zoo from India.

People, who are not naturalists would be less surprised than those, who are, for is not the lion at home in India? They would ask. The truth is that the lion is nearly extinct there.

How, then, does it happen that India can send out lions? Simply because India now imports them from Africa, and these two fine creatures now imported are the offspring of African parents, born in a rajah's menagerie.

It has never been explained why the lion should vanish from Asia generally, and from India particularly while the tiger flourishes throughout the areas of the continent. Hunting by men is an obvious reason of the lion's disappearance, but the tiger is hunted with ardor every year, and yet defies all efforts to keep down its numbers. Tigers and leopards team in this ancient haunt of wild life from where the monarch of the cats has disappeared.

There are more things in the natural history of the great cats than we yet know. Lions, tigers, and leopards thrive side by side in some parts of Asia, yet Africa has never had a native tiger. We say that in Africa the leopard "takes the place of the tiger," as the jaguar and puma take the place of lion, tiger, and leopard in America; but all three are found together in one continent. Why not on another, then? Are we to suppose that tigers developed later than lions and leopards, and that lions leopards reached Africa from Asia before tigers had taken their place in the scheme of life?

Be that as it may, the tiger is supreme in India, while the lion is no longer there except for a few rare creatures. — *Mt. Airy World.*

Back in 1896 Gallaudet College had a normal student from India, Mr. Jamini Nath Banerji, a high-caste Hindu, who after completing his training went back to his native land and became a teacher of the deaf. We understand that he died about a year ago, after a laborious, but useful and successful life as a pioneer educator of the neglected silent children of India. This year a son of his, Mr. S. N. Banerji, is a normal student at Gallaudet, having chosen to follow in his father's footsteps. — *Kentucky Standard.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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receipt of five cents.

Resolutions

Resolutions unanimously adopted
at the Eighth Triennial Convention
of the Nebraska Association of the
Deaf at Omaha last September:—

WHEREAS, A committee of the
Board of Trustees of the Clarke
School for the Deaf, Northampton,
Mass., of which Hon. Calvin Cool-
idge is chairman, has given wide
circulation to a statement claiming
that the Clarke School is the mother
of the oral method, that it has
released the deaf from the use of the
sign-language and manual alphabet,
and that it bridged the gap between
the stone-age and modern times as
far as the education of the deaf is
concerned; and,

WHEREAS, Such statements are
not only false and misleading, but
highly offensive and positively
harmful to the deaf; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association
communicate to Hon. Calvin Cool-
idge and members of the Board of
Trustees of the Clarke School its
utter condemnation of both the
manner and the method of its
propaganda against the sign-lan-
guage and manual alphabet, priceless
boons to the deaf, and of the insult-
ing comparison made between the
status of the deaf of a generation ago
and the stone age.

WHEREAS, A day school for the
deaf, in which only the single oral
method of instruction is permitted,
has been established at Lincoln; and,

WHEREAS, Similar schools are
authorized in other cities where five
or more deaf children, of ages rang-
ing four to twenty years, may be
enrolled; and,

WHEREAS, The use of the single
oral method does not give the deaf
child the best education it is capable
of receiving; and,

WHEREAS, A day school for the
deaf does not admit of proper grad-
ing, instruction and supervision; and,
WHEREAS, The State of Nebraska
maintains a school for the deaf at
Omaha; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the establishment
of schools for the deaf in Nebraska
is condemned as being unnecessary
and detrimental to the best interests
of the deaf children of the state.

Resolved, that this Association re-
commend to the National Associa-
tion of the Deaf, at its next conven-
tion, a plan of affiliation whereby a
member of this Association may, up-
on payment of a single membership
fee, mutually satisfactory to both
Associations, become a member of
both Associations, a fixed percentage
of the fee going to the National As-
sociation by virtue of the plan of af-
filiation agreed upon, and the remain-
der to the treasury of this Association.

WHO BECOME SUCCESSFUL LINO- TYPEISTS?

The Colorado Index tells about two
former print shop boys of the
Colorado School for the Deaf who
are engaged on newspapers as lino-
type operators. We hesitate to
wager on a sure thing, but will take
a chance. A perfectly good Palm
Beach suit of clothes will be bet
against a hod of coal that neither of
these boys learned to be a linotype
operator by loafing around and wait-
ing for a chance to practice on the
machine. We know exactly how
they acquired their proficiency, and
it was the only way in which it is
possible to become even a fair oper-
ator. It consisted in learning to be
good hand compositors and practi-
cing, practicing, practicing, prac-
ticing, at the case. No person—boy
or man, deaf or hearing—can become
proficient on the linotype—that is,
proficient enough to hold a job in a

commercial print shop, who does
not learn his division of words and
get facility of punctuation and many
other necessary preliminary quali-
fications through downright hard
practice work. In newspaper offices
a boy is required to work at the case
and do other preparatory work for
four years and six months before he
is regarded fit to go on the machine.
Then six months of practice is sup-
posed to make a linotype operator of
him, if he is apt and handy. We
have boys in the print shop now
who would before this have become
good operators, if they had accepted
the opportunities afforded in the
shop. But they would not do the
necessary practice work. And if
they should remain in the shop until
the cows come home and continue
as they have during the past and ignore
the primary essential of practice at
hand typesetting, they never would
become linotype operators who
would be tolerated in a real print
shop.—*Illinois Advance.*

Fox is Slyest of Wild Animals.

In the opinion of trappers the
fox is the most cunning and resour-
ceful of all the wild animals. He
often fools the most expert trapper
and the truest and fastest of dogs.
Some trappers who are successful
in catching many other fur-bearers
state that they do not believe it pos-
sible to take Reynard in a steel trap.
This, of course, is not the case—
in fact, he is as easy to catch in a
steel trap as the mink, provided the
trapper thoroughly understands his
business. All that is necessary is a
careful study of the animal's na-
ture and habits, says the *New York
Times*.

The fox lives on small games,
birds, eggs, and poultry. He makes
his den in sandy hillsides and in it
the female rears from three to seven
puppies, which are born in the
early spring. February is the sea-
son Reynard goes wooing and he
travels far and wide in search of
sweetheart, faithful to none, for his
love is more fleeting than the foot-
prints he leaves in the drifting
snow. The fox's sense of smell is
highly developed, and by it he
detects the danger of the trap. The
scent left by human hands and the
scent left on the trap by other
animals caught in its are quickly
detected.

"The next morning Reynard was
waiting for me, a trap on each front
foot. I would not have captured
this fox had I not made this experi-
mental set in the trail, and it only
goes to show the value of observa-
tion to the experienced trapper."

"A successful fox trapper must be
a keen observer of details" writes
C. A. Holmes, a special game pro-
tector, in a recent bulletin of the
State Conservation Bulletin, in de-
scribing different methods of hunt-
ing and trapping foxes. "He must
realize that he is pitting his wits
against one of the most cunning of
animals that roam the 'silent
places' of the hills and valleys.
Recently I made an experimental set
which resulted in the taking of one
of the oldest, largest and wisest
foxes in this vicinity."

"I noticed that the fox in question
did not seem to take alarm at my
trail over an old wood road, and as
the snow was quite deep traveled by
following in my tracks as far as he
cared to go in my direction. That
is the way of the fox—he is not
blindly afraid of man, but trusts to
his wits to keep him out of trouble.
He knew that the trail was made by
a man walking and he also knew
that the danger lay not in the trail,
but in the man himself."

"After I had traveled this old road
several times, and had noticed Mr.
Fox was in the habit of following
me nearly every night, I picked out
a bush that stood close by the trail,
to serve as a mark for locating the
trap, and here I set two jump traps
in one of my own footprints, with
a sheet of clean paper beneath the
traps, another sheet on top, and an
inch of snow lightly brushed over
all. I fastened the chains to clogs
buried in the snow at the side of
the trail and went on about my
business."

"Every sportsman should realize
that one of the worst enemies of
wild life is the fox—cunning, vicious,
bloodthirsty—it kills for the love
of killing. The warm blood of its
victims is its fountain of youth.
Every fox shot or caught in a trap
means just so many more grouse,
pheasants and rabbits—to say noth-
ing about the value of the furs,
fewer foxes, more sport, more game,
more fun."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Henemier,
of Jersey City, N. J., (nee Annie
E. Woolston) will celebrate their
tenth wedding anniversary on
November 28th. They were married
by the late Rev. Dr. Chamberlain
who was their guest at Thanksgiving
dinner in 1912.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirtieth and
Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D.,
Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School
Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events accord-
ing to local annual program and special
announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

CHICAGO.

News items of this column, and news
subscriptions to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
will be received by R. V. Jones, 2147
Lycaete Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"Break! Break! Break!"
The department-store bills I see
For the shags and rage of those banquet
bags.
Have certainly broken me.

Everybody is busted!
Yet everybody is happy.

And say, sonny, wasn't it one
grand, glorious, glimmering jam-
boree of a banquet, that of the 15th,
celebrating the 21st anniversary of
Chicago Division, No. 1 (which is
almost the same as celebrating the
21st birthday of the Frat itself.)
November 7, 1901. The 15th was
as near as chairman Gibson could
go this year, due to conflict of
dates.

Ninth floor of the Auditorium
hotel, one of the older "swell"
hostelries fronting the lake on ex-
clusive Michigan boulevard. In the same
building as the Auditorium theatre;
where Mary Garden sings grand
opera. The hall was a fine one,
with a fine layout; in fact every-
thing was on a most creditable scale,
considering.

There were a few, a very few,
gentlemen in evening dress; but as
to the ladies, Gawdiblessen, there
was a regular raft of dazzling dam-
sels in evening garb, an' everything".
Treat for sore eyes. Banquet by
banquet, bit by bit, Chicago silents
are getting to dress and act more
and more like cultured hearing
folks.

The hall was full, just 210 sitting
down to a pretty good feed, compar-
ed with what one generally gets for
the money at such affairs. The of-
ficers of No. 1 and most of the
speakers sat at the long head-table.
Aside from toastmaster-chairman
Gibson, and guest-of-honor Pach,
none of the grand officers sat in
places of honor. It was No. 1's
banquet and No. 1 was in its glory.
None of the speakers on the pro-
gram knew they were to make ad-
dresses until they sat down and
picked up the programs—typograph-
ical gems by David J. Padden, a
Master Printer.

The program:

FRANCIS P. GIBSON, Toastmaster
The Star Spangled Banner
Mrs. Freida B. Meagher
President's Address—1922
Morton H. Henry
Dem Days Am Gone Forever—1901
John P. Dahl
Old Knows—Alfred A. Bierlein
Past Presidents—John D. Sullivan
Excelsior—Alexander L. Pach
The N. F. S. D.—Mrs. Fannie B. Kemp

After a big brown buzzard with
a black box had "shot" the gather-
ing (see Gib for pictures and prices);
and the vittles had been consigned
to the cavernous depths where they
properly belonged, the toastmaster
opened by reading greetings from
Grand President, Anderson, from
divisions in Milwaukee, Manhattan,
Kenosha, Detroit, Cleveland, Har-
ford, and baby Peoria No. 90. Tele-
gram from Max M. Lubin. Letter
from old member—name Everett—
now 1000 miles away. Letter from
John Schorr. Last, but not least, a
letter—a very fine letter—from
THE 14 TORONTO FRATERS.

Gib then announced the marriage
that day of John Schwartz and Mrs.
Steinmetz. The hall giggled and
waggled its congrats. Also the
wedding in St. Paul, four days be-
fore, of Tony Tanzar and Mrs. Sarah
DeSmit. More waving of mouth-
wipes and wagging of congratulatory
hands. By now the assemblage was
in that carnival mood when the
blood surges with 100 proof zest—
when every little incident is absorbed
with wide, wild eyes, absorbed in
the long, dreary days of routine ex-
istence.

After John D. Sullivan had spoken
on "Past Presidents." (John is
a bitter political enemy of the
writer, and sometimes I pray he
chokes; but personally John is the
finest, most upstanding, noblest,
cleanest wild Irishman that ever
came out of Cork.) After Johnnie
had spoken, the great "Gib" re-
marked that No. 1, on attaining
manhood, desired to show it was not
forgetful of favors bestowed in its
youth, whereon he presented each
past president with a gold frat pin.
Gib thereon remarked that as
Morton Henry is not yet a Past
president—and trusted he would not
be for many years yet—he regretted
he was ineligible for a pin.

But—but—but Bro. Himmelstein
would like to say a few words. Him-
melstein's words were few but time-
ly, and when Henry opened the
package he found a beautiful gold
watch and chain, with date and all
engraved thereon. Whereon the
faithful were rewarded by seeing
squirts of sad, salty, brine ooze from
the honest orbs of Henry the help-
ful.

Pach, yclept "the ephotographer of
presidents," by reason of his repu-
te as the favorite photographer of the
late Theodore Roosevelt, evinced he
is not yet ready for the shelf, by un-
winding some witty and interesting
anecdotes in the style which long
ago made him famous. (Strange
how the swarming younger genera-
tion show such colossal ignorance
of the name, deeds and exploits
of such indefatigable and undefeated
old campaigners as Veditz, Pach,

Fox, Hodgson, Dougherty, Smith,
and the like.) It was a treat for in-
trospective eyes, for those who re-
member, reverse and hallow the good
old days when we deaf had to fight
for all the rights that present-day
deaf consider as matter of course.

Pach possesses the metropolitan
knack of telling a funny story so as
to bring out the high lights and ac-
centuate the point—Pach can tell a
joke what am a j-o-k-e," says Mrs.
Meagher (Junior partner of The
Meaghers; who covered the affair for
the firm.) And they do say Mrs.
Meagher is a good judge of jokes—
for they do say she married one.

Pach asked if Chicagoans habitually
go to bed at ten, for if so he wanted
to cut short his address and not
"gum up" the customs of this Indian-
frontier blockhouse.

The division presented him with a
fountain pen.

(Personal note to reader: Our
junior partner has gone to "cover"
the big church bazaar, leaving the
old man to make head or tail of her
sketches and notes and transcribe a
readable report. Like all women,
she scribbles all over the first piece
of paper she lays paws on, and
neglects to number them 1-2-3. Hence
if there is anything amiss with this
report, blame it on the female of the
species, who is more lazy than the
male.)

Alexander L. Pach, of New York
—second grand vice-president of the
frats—was guest of honor at the big
anniversary banquet. Pach was en-
route home from a lecture tour em-
bracing Pittsburgh, Cincinnati,
Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas
City, Olathe, Milwaukee; Chicago,
Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, and
Akron. Tuesday night Horace
Buell—a past grand trustee and one
of the two silents playing golf with
John D. Rockefeller at the 1913 Nad
Convention—treated Pach, Gibson,
and Kemp to one of those sumptuous
dinners served only at King's. Fol-
lowing this the distinguished visitor
and his coterie investigated several
points of interest in Flickville—the
Silent A. C., the Chicago office of
the JOURNAL, and All Angels' Church.
"Only thoroughfare in the world
having two big buildings owned,
operated, and managed exclu-
sively by the deaf," Gibson told
him, proudly.

Are you up-to-date? Are you in
style? If not, go and carress a buzz-
saw with your finger. The latest
silent to try this style of manicuring
is Charles Minot. He lost the tip of a
finger on the 15th.

That popular politician' William
Souder, stopped over on the 13th en-
route to his home in Washington, D.
C., from a visit to his mother in
Davenport.

Mrs. Alice Hinch, now a beautiful,
brilliant, and attractive lady,
again graces Chicago's silent circles
after an absence of two years, dur-
ing which she lived with her mother,
who ran a hotel in one of the provin-
ces.

October 16th, Andrew Pond got his
final divorce papers. His wife ran
away—as related in this column
some time ago.
Local friends of Mrs. Lottie Hall
Garrett were shocked to learn of her
death in Spokane, after suffering
but a few days, from double pneu-
monia.

Mrs. Beulah Wilson, of Delavan, is
visiting Mrs. William Jones.

Miss Annabelle Kent, the New
Jersey authoress, spent a few days
as the guest of Mrs. G. F. Flick—
enroute to winter in California.

Dates ahead. November 25—Cad
election, at Sac. Lutheran bazaar.
30 (Thanksgiving)—probably
turkey dinners at all Angels' and
Pas-a-Pas. December 15—Bunco,
Bas. THE MRAGHERS.

Gallaudet College.

Dr. Charles Russel Ely has taken
Dr. Hotchkiss' place as Superinten-
dent of the Ephphatha Sunday
School, he was unanimously chosen
by vote of the faculty members at a
special meeting last Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Peet lectured most
interestingly on "The life and times
of Dolly Madison," Friday night,
November 17th, which was a real
treat to the students.

Miss Peet remained after the lec-
ture to attend the party, and the
students found her the most interest-
ing company.

The woods back of the farm build-
ings caught fire on November 14th,
and for a time threatened the farm
fences. It was necessary to ask as-
sistance from the District fire depart-
ment in putting out the fire. It is a
most admirable tract of timber, we
have and the long dry spell had
made it easy to catch fire.

Messrs. John Penn, '25, and Ben
E. Yaffey, '25, accompanied the foot-
ball team to Newport News, Va.
The latter is quite well known
there, as he lives just across the bay,
at Norfolk. The Newport News
silent colony, headed by Superinten-
dent Ritter of the school there, and
aided by the winsome young teachers
made up the Gallaudet cheering
section and made it lively for us
after the game. The team is great-
ly indebted to them for their genial
southern hospitality.

The following members of the
squad remained over and went to
Norfolk as Mr. Yaffey's guests:
Stern, Lahn, Seipp, Falk and Wal-

lace. These men pulled in early
Monday morning in time for classes.
This trip is a most memorable one
for the players. The all-night
voyage both ways on the big steam-
er "Southland" was very interest-
ing.

The boat passes many historical
places, which are both quaint and
old. We were taken with the little
town and the sincerity of the people
there. A large crowd of people
saw the game.

The drill team of the St. Paul
order of the "Eastern Star," which
has been in convention here, came
over to our gymnasium and gave
an exhibition drill to the students
and residents of Kendall Green.

The next morning one of the
ladies spoke before the school in
the chapel.

These treats for us are due to
Mrs. Neyhouse of Saint Paul, who
is connected with the bureau of em-
ployment for the deaf in Minnesota.

Rev. A. D. Bryant, '80, lectured
Sunday afternoon and its neediness to
say the students enjoyed it. The
lecture was mostly reminiscences
which are always dear to the heart
of the students.

Mr. Hughes and Miss Nelson of
the Faculty are arranging a get-to-
gether for the local alumni at Fowler
Hall on Wednesday, November 23d.

That hospitable gentleman Mr.
George Sanders of Philadelphia, was
a visitor on the Green Sunday and
was warmly received by the boys.
Mr. Sanders never fails to show
some kindness or other to the
college men whom he meets in
'Philly."

William and Mary 45 Gallaudet 0

Before a crowd of five or six thou-
sand people, Gallaudet fought a
hopeless but a game fight with the
best eleven that has ever represented
the college of William and Mary.
The husky team from Williamsburg
had little difficulty in running over
the middle of our line for gain after
gain. The Indians are coached by
a former Navy star, and used the
navy style of attack which our boys
couldn't solve. At the kick off our
boys got the jump on W. and M. by
a long forward pass. Benedict carried
the ball seventy-five yards to within
five yards of the goal. Here our
boys lost the ball on downs, when
Langenberg slipped and fell while
attempting to slip off tackle.

This was our only chance to score.
The failure at this seemed to dis-
hearten our men, and during the re-
mainder of the first half they played
very listlessly. However, the last
half saw much better performance on
our part and the Indians scored only
two touchdowns, being held time and
again inches from the goal.

Jack Seipp performed brilliantly, run-
ning back punts and skirting ends,
but one man can't be the whole of
defense.

The other backs were not fast
enough to keep up with Seipp and
afforded little interference for him.
On the defense the whole team
played a good fighting game, but
Nathan Lahn stands a little ahead
of the rest.

There is no need of being down-
hearted over the result of this game,
for few of former Gallaudet teams
have met teams of the caliber that the
Indians are this year. The fact that
the government is giving free schol-
arships to former service men has a
lot to do with the comparative
strength of our various opponents
these days.

The line-up was as follows:—

W & M	LE	Gallaudet
Williams	LT	Lucado
Haskell	LG	Benedict
Parsons	LG	Cherry
Todd	C	Lahn
House	RG	Whalen
Young	RT	Killian
Fuller	RE	LaFontaine
Flanders	Q	Wallace
Charles	LH	Stern
Coffey	F	Langenberg
White	RH	Seipp

Substitutions: Bayne for Cherry, Brad-
ley for Stern, Falk for Whalen, Boatwright
for Lucado, Cherry for Killian.
Referee, Mr. Storey, S. C.; Umpire,
Lient. Hogan, Army; Head linesman, Mr.
Hughes, V. P. I.

The Door and the Key

That intellectual Titan, Dr. Frank
Crane, who is usually preaching
righteousness and sanity to the
American people, recently wrote:
"It is strange, and would be lud-
icrous were it not so tragic, that we
stand at the threshold of all reforms
with the key in our hand and bruse
our knuckles pounding on the door,
instead of unlocking it and entering
in. The door is the child; the key
is education. There is not a single
reform for which we ask that could
not be accomplished through the
schoolhouse and accomplished
smoothly and permanently."

We used to hear a good deal of
talk about the millennium. Well,
one of the things which will give a
wonderful impetus toward the mil-
lennium will be practical and wise
humane education. Introduced into
all schools in the United States. As
the child is taught so will his future
character develop. He can be made
wise, kind and humane, or he can
be allowed to skid into the runs of
vice. Some seventeen or eighteen
states have humane education laws.
When every state is teaching hu-
manity and justice in all its schools,
as the true foundation for national
character, the sunrise of the mil-
lennium will begin to dawn over the
earthly hills.—*The National Hu-
mane Review.*

FANWOOD.

FOUNDER'S DAY falling on Sunday
this year, it was celebrated on Friday,
November 17th, instead. The day
was beautiful and clear and more
than the usual number of people at-
tended.

In the morning after the prelimina-
ry practice drill, exercises were held
in the Chapel, at which the Principal
presided and gave a resume of the
history of the military instruction in
this institution, dwelling at length
upon the celebrated men who found-
ed the Institution. Following the
Principal, Dr. Fox and Prof. Jones
delivered very interesting addresses.

At 2:30 the long anticipated event
took place. Companies "A," "B,"
and "C" competed for the honor of
carrying the Colors for the ensuing
year. The ceremonies were started
by a Review by Major Charles A.
DuBois, 102d Regiment Engineers,
New York Guard, who was ac-
companied by Captain Fred Wendel
and Captain Robert W. Atkinson.

Following the Review, the entire
Battalion gave an exhibition Setting
Up Exercises to the accompaniment
of the Band.

This was followed by a Silent Drill
by the Provisional Company. The
Officers were so much pleased and
impressed by this exhibition that
they made the request that, if agreed
to by the Colonel and Board of
Officers of the 102d Regiment Engi-
neers, this group of boys be allowed
to give the same exhibition before
the entire regiment, which will have
ceremonies of their own in their ar-
my on November 27th next.

After the Evening Parade the
competition between Companies
"A," "B," and "C" began, "A"
starting out first, because of their
seniority and having had possession
of the "Colors" during the past year.
"B" came next, followed by Co.
"C." Company "A" won, "C"
second, "B" third. Major DuBois
in making the award announced that
he was very much pleased with the
splendid exhibition shown, in spite
of the fact that the Battalion had
only been drilled about 27 hours in
all. Company "C" was particu-
larly commended because of the fact
that three-quarters of the company
were recruited from the Kindergar-
ten this Fall and never had drilled
before. Credit for the high efficien-
cy of the cadets is entirely due to
Cadet Captain Joseph Mazzola, who
labored long and diligently with
them and the results of his efforts
were apparent.

In the evening, instead of the
usual oyster supper for the Cadet
Officers and members of the Adra-
tian Society, which has been the
custom since the inception of the
celebration of Founders Day by mili-
tary ceremonies, the Principal caused
a pleasant surprise by providing a
delicious chicken salad and other
good things, which were enjoyed by
all.

For several years past, Major Van
Tassel has at the conclusion of the
festivities made us believe that he
was going to make some serious
remarks and generally wound up by
playing a joke upon us. Two years
ago he complimented the Captain of
Co. "A" and told him that in view
of the fact that his company had won
and was a cracker jack, he wished to
present the Commanding Officers
with a trophy to commemorate the
event, and handed him a diminutive
oyster cracker. The following year
he commiserated with Cadet Captain
Charles Klein upon the failure of his
company to win, stating that perhaps
it was due to the fact that they were
in the same class as the object which
he presented to him—a lemon.
This year, he called upon Cadet
Captain Klein and complimented him
upon the excellence of his company,
stating that winning the honor of
carrying the Colors for the next year
was a feather in his cap; therefore,
as an emblem of his success, Major
presented Captain Klein with a nice
long feather.

After the banquet was over, the
entire group retired to the Cadet Of-
ficers' Room, which was tastefully
decorated. Then followed a good
time in the Girls' Study Hall, with
games, dancing, etc.

All reported tired and having had
a good time at 10:30 o'clock.

The "Scarlet and Gray" of the
Commercial High School broke Fan-
wood's winning record of this sea-
son. On the 14th inst., the High
School court was jammed with
spectators to watch the basket-ball
game between our Silent team and
the Commercial High School team.
Mr. Helm, of the Eastern District
High, was satisfactory for his ex-
cellent work as the referee. He
tossed a basket ball, and Pokorny,
the center, who first baited it to
Shafranek, the star forward for our
team, but Telch quickly snatched
and pressed it to Margolis, the clever
shooter. He was strongly guarded
by our guards. In the first half
we succeeded in preventing our
rivals from making a single goal
from the floor. Shafranek made
one goal and two fouls. Margolis
neatly caged six fouls from the
fifteen foot mark. The score was 6
to 4 at the end of the first half.

In the second half Greenberg,
the center for the hearing team,
batted the ball to Friedland and

Jensen fouled him. Margolis made
the score 8 points for the Scarlet
and Gray team after two fouls.

Bylinski and Jensen rapidly
made beautiful successive throws
on long shots as far as the fifteen-
foot line, and later Shafranek caged
the ball from a difficult angle.
But the points were increased by
Greenberg and Margolis until the
end of the game. The teamwork
won for the Commercial over the
Fanwoods. Shafranek and Bylinski
starred for the losers and Margolis
and Greenberg, for the winners.

The line up:—

Fanwood (10)	Scarlet and Gray (20)
Shafranek (capt.)	R.F. Margolis
Bylinski	L.F. Greenan
Pokorny	C. Greenberg
Jensen	R.G. Knapp
Jaffre	L.G. Telch (capt.)

Substitutions—Cerniglio for Pokorny,
Friedland for Greenan, Gustaf for Knapp,
Field Goals—Shafranek, 2; Bylinski, 1;
Jensen, 1; Friedland, 1; Margolis, 1;
Greenberg, 3; Telch, 1. Foul Goals—
Shafranek, 2 out of 3; Margolis, 2 out of 3.
Referee—Mr. Helm. Timekeeper—Cadet
Lieutenant Raymond McCrory and

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mrs. Agnes McD. Brown tendered a surprise party to her daughter, at her apartment on Halsey Street, Brooklyn, Nov. 12, in honor of Miss Muriel's 11th birthday, which happened the day before, Armistice Day. With her dark raven bobbed hair, and big round tortoise-rimmed glasses, attired in a gown of salmon silk, Miss Muriel was a picture of a Princess in Wonderland, as she received the guests. A dainty repast was served, the table being a revelation in pink and white, and the juvenile guests having a great time around the festive board. Incidentally, Miss Muriel was reminded handsomely by her little friends, and Miss Katherine Doyle, a schoolmate at St. Joseph's Institute of her fond Ma, starred as the Lady Bonifant. After the spread and until the hands of Father Time pointed to nine, the little ones sang, recited, danced and had a capital time egg-rolling.

Among others present were Master Donald Gabriel, Misses Marie Reddington, Gedelle Loew, Alice O'Neill, Cecelia Bachrach, Florence O'Neill, Marjorie Donovan, Loreta Lyons, and Messrs. and Mmes. Loew, Bachrach, Donovan, O'Brien and Reddington.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox will eulogize on the life and work of Charles Michel De l'Epee, along with Chairman of the N. A. D. Memorial Committee Samuel Frankenheim, and other prominent deaf at the Xavier De l'Epee Society celebration at K. of C. Institute Brooklyn, November 25th. The occasion marks the 26th annual celebration of a similar kind held under the Xavier Allied Branch's De l'Epee Society. The committee promises a rare evening's amusement. The proceeds will start the fund on the first hundred over the five thousand dollar mark, which Chairman Frankenheim says the fund has reached.

On Saturday, December 9th, the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf will have its annual banquet in commemoration of the 135th birthday anniversary of our great benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. The place selected this year is Guffanti's, 274 Seventh Avenue, near 25th Street. Subscriptions are \$2.00 for members of the N. A. D. and \$2.50 for non-members. The seating capacity of the banquet hall being limited, and as a certain number must be guaranteed by December 5th, the committee urges all who wish to be present to see or write at once to the chairman, William Renner, 511 West 148th Street, or the treasurer, Charles Schatzkin, 34 Park Row, so that proper reservations can be made for them.

On November 29th, the Silent Athletic Club will throw open its doors to the general public, beginning at three P. M. and continue until midnight. A consignment of turkeys, chickens, and baskets of groceries, will be disposed of, and good advice to housewives intending making Thanksgiving purchases is to call at the Silent Athletic Club, 308 Fulton Street, and look at the stock.

The beloved father of Mr. M. Ciavolino, who has been for many years an invalid, passed away peacefully on the beautiful sunny day of November 13th at eight o'clock. Death was due to the cancerous sores. He was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, after a beautiful service at Church.

Miss Esther H. Spanton spent Sunday, November 19th, in Washington, visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hannan.

Chairman Matty Blake of the entertainment committee of Bronx Division N. F. S. D., wishes to announce that the next treat in store under the auspices of "No 92," is to be a Package Party and dance, on Saturday evening, December 16th.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hines on the morning of November 1st, weighing seven and a half pounds. She will be named Agnes Margaret.

A nine-pound baby boy has been brought to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Rubin, on Monday, November 20th, 1922. Mrs. Nettie Rubin and the baby are doing very well.

The date of the De l'Epee Celebration in Brooklyn, advertised for the 25th, should read "ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26TH" Remember, NOT Saturday, but on SUNDAY.

James M. Witbeck, of Schenectady, is retired on a pension by the General Electric Company. He had been a pattern maker for many years. He is now seventy-one years and five months old, and still mentally active but slightly lame from a bicycle accident a few years ago.

DETROIT.

The number of October and November showers for brides and brides-elect nearly reached the proportions of a downpour. In honor of Mrs. Wm. Denham, Mrs. Berry entertained the Lutheran ladies at her Royal Oak home. A lovely time was had by all.

Mrs. Beehring entertained in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Herrig, who has since shaken the dust of Detroit off her shoes and hid herself to her recently acquired husband in Toledo.

Mrs. Ratner entertained in honor of her sister, Mrs. Max Crittenden. Delightful refreshments were served.

Miss Vanasse lead a bunch to the apartment of Mrs. Morris Purviance (Ruth Stoltz) whose marriage was omitted from our last report.

Mrs. Purviance, in turn, gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Vanasse, who was also given a kitchen shower by Mrs. Ben Beaver. All of the happy brides were made happier by their friends' useful and beautiful gifts.

All of the above were hen parties except the last, to which the roosters were allowed to come. This made it the largest party, there being over thirty present. By a little strategy, the honor guest was unaware of the nature of the party until refreshments were served, a miniature bride, groom and preacher, being her place "card." The table was decorated in orange and white; the gift table being decorated in pink and white, and a charming little bride. All the guests reported a fine time, and Miss Eva, to use her own expression, was zapping in surprise all evening. Her marriage to George Petrimoult will take place at St. Leo's church November 25th. How the little bird that couldn't be caught, was finally caught, can perhaps best be explained by the fact that George is a musician.

The Colbys are preparing to leave for Washington for the winter—a sort of "They just came in, turned round, and walked right out again" act.

Jack Ulrich, our hockey star, claims to have clashed with Kipke, the U. of M. football star, in their former days of the Canadian sport.

Mrs. Leon Laporte recently returned from her parents' home in Ottawa, Ont. She brought with her, a brand new baby, born August 28th. The little man will answer to the name of Richard. We forget the rest of it, but don't believe it is "The Leon H-arted."

Mrs. A. J. Eickhoff and little daughter Carol, and Mrs. Winous of Flint, were down to attend the Catholic bazaar.

Ed. McMullen is preparing to get rich quick by taking a course in mechanical dentistry. He is trying to live up to his ancient title of "Dr. Sure Cure." Watch for his shingle.

J. C. Chapman entertained seven couples at Pedro October 21st, in honor of his bride, who, by the way, did not go to L'Anse as reported.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bernard Herrig were pleasantly surprised by the former's parents, who motored here in their chevrolet sedan from Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. Elsie Hughes is still confined to her bed with rheumatism.

At this writing, the result of the Catholic bazaar and chicken supper is not known, but judging from the hundreds of shekels turned in at each booth, the total will go into thousands. The local papers gave the credit to hearing people, and for all the good they did, grateful appreciation is extended, but we believe the deaf members who worked so hard should come in for their share.

Everybody wishing to go to the Frat convention at St. Paul, 1924, should join the local Savings Club at once, as no new members will be received after next February. See Ben Beaver or John Hellers for particulars. There are at present about fifty members. Aside from the advantages and attractions of the convention itself, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth are worth the price of the railroad fare; and with J. C. Howard and J. J. McNeil in charge, all stay at homes will miss the trip of a lifetime. Come, join us.

Another convention in 1924 will be held at the Bellevue, Ont., School for the Deaf. Old buildings have been torn down and have been and are being replaced with fine new ones, which will make it one of the most beautiful, best equipped and most up-to-date schools for the deaf in the world. It faces the Bay of Quinte. If there are enough people to warrant it, a special car will be chartered to convey the Detroiters and Windsoites. A savings club for this convention has also been organized.

The D. A. D. has at last secured club rooms at 336 Michigan Ave., second floor, and next to Summerfield and Hecht's. Members are enthusiastic over their find, some considering it the best they have had. They will take possession at once, and an opening reception will be held Nov. 18, under the efficient chairmanship of Wm. Behrendt. All the deaf of Detroit are invited. The first regular meeting will be held Dec. 8. Notice will be sent to auxiliary

members where their next meeting will be held, Dec. 13.

Nov. 10, 1922 E. M. E. B.

AKRON, O.

Mrs. F. A. Andrewjeski and daughters returned home from a two months' vacation to Nebraska. Mr. A. was with them for two weeks on the trip, and at Omaha, he gave a speech at the Nebraska Association of the Deaf, then in session. Mr. A. gives a very high compliment of the Western State, with its big red barns as the feature.

A large number of Goodyear Silents took summer vacations to their various boyhood states, on two weeks' vacation allowances by the Goodyear Company, while many stayed over in Akron, to do numerous little jobs around their homes.

The Akron Advance Society of the Deaf, that theretofore had been inactive, established mainly for the benefit of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm, sprung into activity recently, and with new aims has enrolled many new members. Its present spirited policies are to be on guard against the threatened law of barring the deaf from driving automobiles and try to help the Ohio State School for the Deaf get sufficient funds to improve its school standards.

At present, the teachers at the State School are not getting what salary they should, and as a consequence, many young and inexperienced teachers are hired in, when it is to the best interests of the Ohio Deaf to have old and experienced teachers.

Hugh Olinger painted his house and garage, that he built early in the spring, during his vacation. The garage shelters a lively Ford flivver he purchased last May, and the roads in the country around it already showing the effects of his painting speeder.

A baby boy, a 7-pounder, was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Davis November 4th. Congratulations!

Miss Paul Churchill and Miss Alice Essex have returned to the Goodyear Co., after a year lay-off. They are now employed in the Heel and Soles Department.

Mr. Straus, of near Cleveland, who is almost totally blind, is spending several weeks in Akron. Though blind, he is very good story teller and excellent sign maker.

Mr. Russell Moore, the Silent football team manager and professor in Goodyear Industrial University, is enjoying a visit from his mother, of Wichita, Kansas.

Mrs. G. George "Pat" Murphy and son, Russell, have gone to Iowa for a two or three months' visit.

Mrs. V. L. Buttbaugh and son also have gone to Nebraska to stay till Spring, especially for the benefit of giving her boy better chance of learning to speak.

"Big Six" Arthur Rasmussen is the latest member of the growing Akron Silent Colony auto owners, having purchased a new Buick "Six" touring car. At least fifteen automobiles are now owned and driven by the Silents of Akron, and not one of them have caused an accident thus far. They are highly praised by the Akron city officials as to their ability as drivers.

Herman Moore and Mrs. Wm. Williams, who were seriously hurt in an auto wreck last fall, through no fault of theirs, each got a judgment of \$7,500 from the man who ran his big Haynes car into Mr. Moore's Ford. It was learned that the Haynes car owner tried to get ahead of five other autos, and at a rate of 40 miles per hour ran directly into Moore's car, going in the opposite direction at moderate speed, and within three feet of a ditch, was unable to dodge the Haynes car.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, 349 Watson Street, had another visit from old Doc Stork on October 21st, and a baby boy was left.

The recent election marked much impression of most candidates seeking offices among silent voters, as strongly intending to help the local silents defeat any attempt of law purposing to bar them from owning and driving automobiles.

Walter Greene was stopping a few days over here, on his way to Blytheville, Ark., where he expects to secure a printer's job. He was recently laid off at a Cleveland office. The Silent football team continued its triumphal march Sunday, by defeating Alliance "Goat Hills" by 10 to 0. The week before the Youngstown St. Edwards team was beaten by the Silents by 7 to 6. Next Sunday they play "Wagners" of Columbus, O., a strong semi-professional team of that city.

Know your business and mind it.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,
633 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Miss Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P. M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P. M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
ALL THE DEAF CORRESPONDENTS.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

November 18th, 1922—The Columbus Advance Society held its November meeting on the evening of November 14th, with fifteen members present. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer, Mr. A. W. Ohlmacher, reported the amount in the treasury of the two funds—Home Fund \$318.55, Society Fund, \$153.24, or a total of \$471.79.

A vote of thanks was tendered these ladies for assistance rendered at an entertainment, they having been overlooked at a previous meeting, when others were complimented: Mesdames Simon Kingry, Wm. Friend, George Black, Harlan Davis and Reuben Bice.

Mr. Wark asked for a change of time in holding meetings. He suggested they be held on Friday instead of Tuesday evenings, but the matter was voted down.

Messrs. Beckert and Huffman were chosen a committee to audit the treasurers accounts for the past year.

Mr. Beckert reviewed recent current events, while Messrs. Zorn Greener and Winemiller gave short talks.

Next meeting will be held December 5th.

The death, last Saturday, of Mrs. Clurissa Pentecost Eagleson, wife of Rev. W. S. Eagleson, came as a surprise and caused genuine sorrow among those who knew her.

Mr. Eagleson was superintendent of the school in 1894-95 being succeeded by the present superintendent, Mr. J. W. Jones. It was in this way Mrs. Eagleson became known to the deaf, and while connected with the school she took great interest in the children, acting as a mother to them.

Last Summer while visiting her place in Washington County, Pa., she fell down, causing a broken spine. She was later brought here and placed in Grant Hospital for treatment. It was supposed she was recovering, hence the surprise when her death was announced.

Besides her husband, she leaves four sons and a daughter to mourn her passing besides a large circle of friends.

Following a funeral service here, Tuesday morning, the remains were taken to Mt. Gilead, Ohio, where, in the Presbyterian Church where Rev. Mr. Eagleson was pastor for more than 20 years, another service was conducted. Burial was at Mt. Gilead.

By the death of Miss Mary V. Wheatly, Monday, at the home of her sister-in-law on East Fulton Street, the school lost another long time employee. For about thirty years she did room and hall work, being faithful to duty at all times. She would have been sixty-five years old on the 16th inst., had she lived.

Miss Cloa G. Lamson, Secretary of the Columbus Branch of the N. A. D., some time ago asked Ohio Deaf owning automobiles or trucks and driving them, to notify her, together with data and so that when all is collected it can be used in the prevention of having legislation passed prohibiting the deaf from driving such vehicles. She has heard from three people owners of machines from four to eight years, and vary an accident with them.

Another good thing for the deaf, owning automobiles, to do would be to join the automobile club in their vicinity, and being a member, the others would assist should a law come before the legislature to debar the deaf from their rights, to defeat it. Automobile Clubs have more influence before a legislative committee than a body of influential citizens speaking in behalf of the deaf, as was the case in Pennsylvania when the legislature had the question of debarring the deaf from driving automobiles. Dr. Crouter, Rev. Mr. Danter, Rev. Smileau and others either spoke or presented a petition, but it had no effect.

Mr. Herman Cook of this City now owns an auto and has joined a club. The fee is \$10 a year. Besides there are other advantages accruing by being a member—not necessary to enumerate here. The Home is filling up—there being three admissions there within the past two weeks, viz., David W. McMaster of Ross County, aged 70, George Fancher from Franklin County aged 75, Thomas M. Johnson from Highland County.

All of the above were pupils under Dr. G. O. Fay. There are two more under consideration and are likely to be admitted in a short time. Mr. Conrad Zorbaugh, who went to Cleveland about three weeks ago on a visit to his son, came back last week and was glad to do so, as it was much colder up by the Lake than in Central Ohio.

A. B. G.

Michael McLaughlin, who was employed as a locomotive cleaner in the Boston and Albany round house at Reussel for many years, died in the poor house, at the age of 87 years, last December.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Mr. S. H. Easterbrook, a deaf cook, has secured a good job in North Portland at a local restaurant. He is considered a first-class cook, and is a member of the Portland Frats.

Mr. Wm. Seaman has a new job as janitor at the Imperial Apartment, and says he will stick this time till he is rich enough to get married.

Mrs. W. Theitman, with her son, William, called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hastings on Election night, November 7th, to give William a chance to hear some Election returns by Paul Hastings' Radio set.

The S. F. L. Club will give a Thanksgiving dinner on Saturday evening, November 25th, for the members and their husbands.

Portland felt their first chilly day on Sunday, November 5th, but next day it got warmer. The people are gathering their last roses of the season in Rose City, meaning Portland Ore.

Mr. Dana Acuff and Mr. Courtland Greenwald rented an auto and took their escorts out the Columbia Highway, one Sunday, and nearly met with a bad accident while rounding a sharp curve, but luckily came out without any damage done. The car was driven by Mr. Acuff.

Mrs. Gerde with a few lady friends motored out to Oswego, Ore., to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Fromm, but found they were out, so drove over to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleming's, a mile further out, where they spent a few hours chatting, after which they returned to Portland. Mrs. Gerde has a fine big Paige car and is an expert driver.

Mr. Wayne Theitman is busy looking over home-builder guide. He may build a palace, or a bungalow, but has not yet decided.

About ten lady friends of Mrs. Fred Delaney gave her a birthday surprise on Wednesday noon, November 8th. Many nice presents were given Mr. Delaney. The event ended with good eats.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wirth had the pleasure of a visit from their son, whom they had not seen since they lived in Canada. The boy has been in Montana during the past summer, where he was employed. He left for Canada to visit his old home. Mrs. Wirth expects a visit from her daughter in the near future. The Wirth family lives in St. John, Ore.

Mrs. Ruby Spieler will go to Seaside, Ore., on the 15th of November, where she will visit her sister, who lives there. Mrs. Spieler will return home in a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Linde are the proud father and mother of a newborn baby boy, who arrived at 2:20 P. M. on Wednesday, November 8th. The name given him is Robert Earl Linde. The Lindes now have two bright little boys. Congratulations to the happy father and mother.

A Social was given on Saturday night, November 11th, at Alisky hall. Mrs. B. L. Craven gave a War story and Mr. Craven some comic stories, after which games were played. The event ended with a dance and light refreshments. About fifty deaf enjoyed the evening. Visitors who attended were: Mrs. Roy Hackenberg, Mr. Merton Sture, and Mr. E. Nelson, all of Salem, and a few unknown to the writer from Vancouver, Wash. The social was in charge of Mr. Ruby Spieler, as chairman.

Mrs. Gerde, who was contemplating to go to California, has postponed her trip on account of her husband, who just got over an illness. Both Mrs. Gerde and Miss Helen Moller are anxious for the Southern trip, as Miss Moller now has a couple of months' vacation.

The Frats are preparing for a big time on Saturday evening, December 23d, at a large hall. Announcement will be out with a grand program in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Lyle Fowler, of Seattle, was a visitor at the Frats meeting on Saturday, November 4th, and returned home on Sunday, the 5th. Mr. Fowler is a former Portlander, but on account of lack of work moved up near Seattle a year ago.

Paul, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hastings, has a new radio set that can be more plainly heard than the old one.

Mr. Jack Bertram took some of his prized poultry to the Pacific International Livestock Exposition in North Portland. The writer has not yet learned if Jack won any prizes.

Portland can be proud now of the Bronze statue which was erected to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on Armistice Day, on the park block. It was presented to the city by Mr. Henry Waldo Coe.

That the Portland Exposition in 1927 Bill A, was defeated at the recent election, does not mean for sure there will be no Fair, as we believe the mayor of Portland will see that the event will come off regardless of the defeated amendment on November 7th at the polls. We Portland Frats are looking with eager eyes for the Fair, so as to start a convention battle at St. Paul in 1924, to show our Eastern brothers some Western scenery where the tall firs stand for many years. Come and visit a large lumber mill and see a log only 32 feet long with 10,000 feet of lumber in it. This is no fake story,

for the writer here helped on one of the giant logs lately. We want the convention here in 1927. Come West for once and you will want to come again.

H. P. NELSON
Nov. 14, 1922.

DENVER.

At this writing, November 12th, snow to the extent of an even foot has fallen. The flakes, beginning yesterday morning have incessantly fallen ever since and how much longer they will continue is uncertain. This is the first heavy snow storm of the year and gives promise of many more of like nature.

Homer E. Grace, working as all-around man at the General Chemical Company for the past three years, has recently taken French leave, and is now employed at the Card Iron Works in a like capacity.

The Fred Bates Ranch at Ault, Colorado, has been the recent retreat of a good many of Denver's pleasure seekers. T. R. Tansey accompanied by Robert H. Frewing, T. Y. Northern and Master Northern, were the first party to make the trip. The Wolpert and Lessleys were the next in order. Friday evening another party motored up, but it is very likely they will be marooned in the snow drifts at this writing.

The local N. F. S. D. started the long list of socials which are to take place this winter with a Hard Times Party on Saturday evening, November 5th, at T. M. A. Hall. The N. F. S. D. is to give another social the 18th, at which event the Liberty Club, a local of the silent ladies, will auction off a lovely quilt. It is likely this comfort will go to one of the many bachelors of the city.

The Rev. Mr. Cloud, of St. Louis, was in Denver the latter part of October. He gave an interesting humorous lecture Saturday evening, followed by a very impressive sermon the day after at St. Mark's Church. Just prior to his coming to Denver, he appeared before the pupils at the State School in Colorado Springs at the request of Supt. McAloney.

The time for the meeting of the Silent Bible Class at St. Mark's Church has been changed from 7:30 to 8:30 in the evening to 3 to 4 in the afternoon. Mrs. H. E. Grace had the platform last Sunday, when she won the applause of those present for the excellent piece she rendered. Robert H. Frewing was to conduct the class this Sunday. But a heavy snow curtailing many from being present, he will appear next Sunday instead.

We are pleased to learn of our Mr. Bernhard Teitelbaum making the head seniorship at Gallaudet. He has our wishes that such a job will not cause him the loss of his head.

Mr. Whitaker, not being satisfied with the pace of Mr. Kent and his Case has purchased a new Oakland to make his rounds. This is his second car in the past two months. He tested a Chevrolet, but just had to get an Oakland to keep his standing in the "400."

Philip Axling is still with us, but he has been so busy striking for time that he has not made his appearance at the latest gathering. Four of our number, Messrs. Kent, Fisher, Nash and Axling, are still picketing the street s, always with the same hopes that the non-union shops will finally give way. But there are more of our number who would rather sear than loaf.

H. V. Barnett has returned to Rome, N. Y., where he is now pegging the monotype keyboards for the firm he left last year to come to Denver, but at an increased wage. He was sorry to leave Denver tho, and intends to come back when the opportunity comes.

Tom G. Matthew laid down his studies at the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins to accompany his father to New Mexico. The elder Mr. Matthew has the contract to construct a thirty-eight mile strip of track for the Santa Fe R. R. Tom drove down south in a new Nash. He intends to stop off at Santa Fe, long enough to let Powell J. Wilson know he has not departed from the solar system. At most, it will take about two years to complete the work around Albuquerque. Tom intends to return to Fort Collins to finish his studies, which he says were very encouraging with the kindly assistance of able professors, when his time is up in New Mexican territory.

"DENVERITE."

FASHION NOTE—Silk hats have become so scarce in America, that Marceline, the Hippodrome clown, who for years has smashed several silk hats a performance, has taken to importing his toppers from England. Marceline blames prohibition. He says that since the Eighteenth Amendment became effective fewer Americans have worn silk hats and even fewer have lost them. Marceline purchased his hats from dealers who made a business of gathering up lost hats in hotels and cafes.

Rare is the man who doesn't like a compliment occasionally.

PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburghers had the rare pleasure of having with them Mr. Alexander L. Pach of New York, November 7th, and he gave them one of his spily, and at the same time instructive talks at McGeagh hall, after the ladies and gentlemen had their "say" at the polls. Mr. Pach in his talk was as usual eloquent and forceful, and we are glad to say there was a large gathering present to enjoy it. It had been announced that Mr. Pach would be here, and that was sufficient to attract the crowd. His address commanded universal attention, and when it was over the boys especially had something to think about.

The school at Edgewood also had the pleasure of Mr. Pach's presence. So it happened the whole school was assembled in the chapel when he arrived, and after being introduced by Mr. Teegarden gave a short address, pleasing alike to students and teaching force. Mr. Pach lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Manning, after which he inspected the entire school plant. It is hoped he found much about the place to commend.

The Pittsburgh Branch of G. C. A. A. and other friends of Gallaudet College, were shocked at the news of the death of Dr. Hotchkiss, and much regret was expressed. The Branch telegraphed their condolence and offered a certain sum as an initial contribution toward a fund for a memorial in his honor. We hope it will be a good starter in that direction.

The Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, N. F. S. D., had its regular meeting, November 4th. It is still going strong, and candidates for admission are coming in. There were at this meeting sixty or seventy present, but that does not represent its full numerical strength by any means. Reports elsewhere state that the Division made a donation of \$25.00 to the Home at Doylestown, which would indicate a wide-awake spirit of helpfulness.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the P. S. A. D. met and elected the following officers to manage its affairs for the ensuing year:—

President, E. S. Havens; Vice-President, J. C. Craig; Secretary, F. A. Leitner; Treasurer, J. L. Friend.

Mr. Henry Bardes, Chairman of Donation Committee, announced contributions to the amount of \$194.55 with some more in prospect. That is a fair showing, all things considered.

We have the announcements that the Rev. O. C. Schroder, of Cleveland, will hold monthly services at the Lutheran Church, Sixth Avenue near Fifth, once a month on the 4th Sunday. The pillars of this mission appear to be George Korn, Charles Fritzges and Charles Reiser.

Mr. Samuel Davidson, who for some time past had been living at Ebersburg, has returned to Brad-dock to live with his daughter for the present. It is pleasant to have him at our meetings again.

Thomas Carr won again in his trial against the Harmony Electric railway company. He was awarded \$15,000 damages in the first trial. The company did not gain anything by having a new trial, for Mr. Carr was awarded \$18,000 and it is hoped that verdict will stand.

The N. A. D. Branch is to have a banquet, December 9th, to help celebrate the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and preparations for same are now in the hands of a committee, so its success is assured already.

There will be two or three distinguished speakers present, we understand, and a royal good time for all will be provided. Particulars will be announced later. The banquet will be at the General Forbes Hotel.

Edgewood had a celebration Sunday, Nov. 12, in honor of the boys of that Borough who took part in the World War. There was a flag raising and unveiling of a statue of a doughboy in the park. The base of the statue bore appropriate bronze tablets with names of the boys who were overseas, and of those who paid the supreme sacrifice. Among the latter is the name of Clyde Sawhill, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill of Edgewood. Another son, Sergeant B. R. Sawhill, took part in the ceremonies of dedication.

G. M. T.

Valuable Dead

A horse when dead has by no means ceased to be useful. His hide, being extremely tough, is the best of all materials for covering baseballs. His mane and tail are incomparable stuffing for curled-hair mattresses, or may be utilized for hair-cloth and fishing lines. His bones furnish excellent buttons and from his hoofs are obtained glue, the beautiful pigment called "Prussian blue," and a particularly fine gardener's fertilizer, rich in ammonia, known as "hoof meal."—Sel.

WANTED—A good deaf-mute widow, or orphan lady, as a companion for the housekeeper. Good home.

Write to Mrs. Cora P. McCabe, 27 Harvester Ave., Batavia, N. Y.

The Fox Farms of Alaska

There are perhaps ten or twelve fox farms in Alaska, says Mr. Frank G. Carpenter. One of them, situated in the Tanana Valley, a mile and a half from Fairbanks, consists of ten acres of cleared land, the greater part of which is covered with pens in which the animals live. From a distance the fox farm looks like a huge chicken yard with walls of woven wire and hencoops of various size inside. Each pen is fifty feet long, eight feet wide and about ten feet high.

The wire is of tough steel and is sunk about four feet in the ground, and is then bent so that it runs inward under the ground for about two feet to prevent the foxes from digging out. At the top the wire has an overhang of two feet to prevent the captives from climbing over. Each pen has a kennel made of boards like a dog kennel, the entrance to which is a chute or a wooden pipe a foot square.

Only one pair of foxes live in each pen. They are very timid and have to be handled carefully; most of the fox farmers will not allow strangers to enter their property for fear they will frighten the animals. Some foxes, however, become so tame that strangers can handle them. The fox babies are the size of kittens, and have long, bushy tails, little, sharp noses, and eyes that sparkle like jet. One litter of foxes was being mothered by a cat.

There were three of the babies, each of which, when grown, will be worth from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars. Their mother was so nervous that the farmer feared she might kill her young; and so he had taken them away from her and given them to the cat in place of her kittens. The cat had adopted them and was playing with them as if they were really her own.

For such emergencies it is necessary to have cats about a fox farm. Because he would not pay a high price for a cat, one man in eastern Canada lost five little foxes that might have been worth a small fortune. The fox mother had died, and the owner of the only cat in the vicinity refused to sell her for less than five hundred dollars. The unreasonable price angered the fox farmer, and he refused to pay it.

The foxes are fed with salmon, moose meat, horse meat, rabbits, carrots and turnips. A common feed is rice and rabbits cooked together in a stew. One farm feeds sixteen rabbits and fifteen pounds of rice a day to forty-two foxes. The stew is fed cold morning and evening. The foxes come out of their kennels, seize the food, carry it inside with them, and afterwards return for more.

The land, kennels and machinery of the farm near Fairbanks cost eighteen thousand dollars, and the breeding animals, thirty-seven thousand dollars. There are altogether about two hundred animals—foxes, martens and others—and only two men are needed to care for them.

A Little History of Flying

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier made the first balloon, which rose 1500 feet at Annonay, France, in June, 1783. A balloon at Versailles carried the first aerial passenger, a sheep, a cock, and a duck—in September, 1783.

The first human passengers went up in a free balloon above the Seine at Paris in November, 1783.

The first British balloon ascent was made at Edinburgh by Mr. J. Tyler, in August, 1784.

The first use of a balloon in war was at the battle of Fleurus, between France and Austria, in 1794.

The first successful attempt to steer a balloon was made in Paris by Tissandier with a screw propeller, 1883.

The rigid airship was originated by David Schwarz and tested in Berlin in 1897.

The first flight in a heavier-than-air machine was made by Ader, a French engineer, at St. Lo, France, in 1897.

Zeppelin tested his first airship with two 61 h. p. motors and a speed of 18 miles an hour, in 1900.

The Brazilian, Santos Dumont, sailed round the Eiffel Tower in Paris in an airship with a 16 h. p. engine in 1901.

Orville Wright flew for 59 seconds in a machine with a petrol engine at Dayton, Ohio, in 1909.

The first aeroplane passenger flew with Henri Farman, at Ghent, in 1910.

The French aviator Bleriot flew across the English Channel in little more than a half an hour in 1909.

The first use of an aeroplane in war was by Italy in Tripoli, for bombing purposes, in 1910.

The first flight across the Atlantic was made in an American seaplane, with one stop at the Azores, in May, 1919.

The first non-stop flight across the Atlantic was made by two officers in a British aeroplane in 16 hours, in June, 1919.

Somewhere in the short-cut to fortune, there is nearly always an unsafe bridge.

Caruso was his mother's nineteenth child.

The New Silver Dollar

The new silver dollar is being distributed. It is just as hard to get as the old ones and much harder to hold onto. It doesn't accomplish as much as the old silver dollar did six or seven years ago, but is a pretty thing to have around the house.

The design is very artistic, if you are laboring for art instead of money, but the eagle seems strange. He has his wings clamped down tightly and he is a sorrowful, repentant, disappointed, chagrined bird. He huddles on his pile of sticks, apparently mooning over the follies of a misspent life. He has no spurs, no pep, no kick.

Critics say the eagle's bill is too large and is out of proportion, but this criticism will not be taken seriously, for most bills are too large these days and we have become quite accustomed to them.

The Goddess of Liberty on the obverse side of the coin is a pretty young flapper with an interesting pout, whose back hair needs attention. The new Goddess is easy to look at and is quite ornamental, but she lacks the old Goddess' look of grim determination and fearless initiative. The new Goddess is a clinging vine, a sort of breach-of-promise type, an exotic hothouse creation. The old girl was an Amazon, who would not take any back talk from any body.

Under the eagle is the motto, "Peace." The eagle himself is as peaceful and as dismal looking as a modern husband, but the word "Peace" is out of place on a dollar. A dollar in America knows no peace from the day it is minted until it goes back into the melting pot. It is chased to death and had no rest.

The new design does not suit everybody, but that makes no difference. No man can keep a silver dollar long enough to examine its design closely, and most don't know whether the eagle is a bird, a turkey or an English sparrow.—Two Bills.

N. A. D. Atlanta 1923

Special All-Pullman train New York to Atlanta via Seaboard Air Line

in both directions Highest Comfort and Attention.

S. B. MURDOCK, General Eastern Passenger Agent 142 West 42d Street, New York City.

De l'Epee Society

BROOKLYN BRANCH XAVIER ALLIED 26th Annual Celebration ABBE DE L'EPEE

November 25th, 1922, 8 P. M.

K. of C. Institute, Hanson Place, South Portland Ave., Brooklyn.

PROMINENT SPEAKERS

"Vers and Vincent"—(guess their names. Win a prize) World-wide celebrities! Other games, dancing, toothsome refreshments.

Proceeds N. A. D. Memorial Fund

At Door 35 Cents

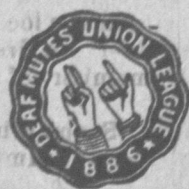
Rev John A. Egan, S. J. Director, Sylvester J. Fogarty, President.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY, Inc. MASQUERADE BALL SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1923 [Particulars Later.]

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF Saturday Evening, January 20, 1923

HELLO! EVERYBODY SPACE RESERVED FOR JERSEY CITY DIVISION, NO. 91, N. F. S. D. ST PATRICK'S NIGHT MARCH 17, 1923 (Particulars Later.)

Thanksgiving Party



Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THEIR ROOMS

143 WEST 135TH STREET

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 29th. at 8 o'clock.

Admission 10 Cents

M. Monaeleser, Samuel Lowenherz, Louis Uhlberg, Committee.

This space reserved for

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE

MEN'S CLUB

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Saturday, February 10th, 1923



When the Seals Come, Buy Them

A LITTLE before Christmas, you will be offered some Christmas Seals. Keep them and use them on envelopes and packages. Send a check or money order to cover the small sum they cost.

When you do this, you help in the fight against tuberculosis. You help save human lives. Your help goes where help is most needed—to the house that is clouded with the threat of death.

When the Seals come, buy them.



Stamp Out Tuberculosis with Christmas Seals

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

TWO SILVER CUPS BASKET BALL and DANCE

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Manhattan Division, No. 87

(N. F. S. D.)

AT THE

INWOOD BALL ROOM

133-9 Dyckman Street

New York City

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE VS. BROOKLYN DIVISION (Silent Separates) No. 23. LEXINGTON A. A. VS. ROBERTSON FIVE (of H. A. D.)

Saturday Evening, Nov. 25, 1922

ADMISSION, 55 CENTS

BASKET BALL and DANCE

AUSPICES OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League



TWO BASKET BALL GAMES Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs. Silent All Stars (Formerly St. Vincent) Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Jr. vs. Panwood A. A.

22d REGIMENT ARMORY

BROADWAY AND 108TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 6, 1923

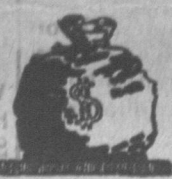
(Doors opens at 7:30 o'clock)

MUSIC BY 22d REGIMENT BAND

TICKETS, (including Wardrobe) 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE.

Joseph Worzel, Chairman Abraham Barr Leo Berzon



\$100 Dollars in Cash Prizes

Will be awarded to Handsome and Unique Costumes at the

MASQUERADE & BALL

under the auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

IMPERIAL HALL

360 Fulton Street, Entrance on 5 Red Hook Lane Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Eve February 3rd 1923

ADMISSION \$1.00

Unsurpassed Music Wardrobe Included

B. Friedwald, Chairman 1129-43rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Xavier Ephpheta Night

CELEBRATING

St. Francis Xavier's Diamond Jubilee

DECEMBER 8, 1922, at 8 P. M.

Xavier College Theatre, 32-36 West 16th Street DOORS OPEN AT 7.15 CURTAIN AT 8.15

Presenting

"KING ROBERT OF SICILY"

Longfellow's Poem, Adapted for the Stage by

REV. JOHN A. EGAN, S. J.

Superb Costumes and Scenery—Full Orchestra—Singing of Angels' Hymns by a Mixed Choir of Trained Voices

EVERY SEAT IN HOUSE RESERVED Entire Orchestra, 75 Cents Balcony, 50 Cents

Immediate reservations for Seats advised. May be made through members of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, by mail (accompanied with check), or PHONE CHELSEA 7453.

Direction Executive Committee

Dance and Basketball

under the auspices of the

K. L. D. GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

St. Francis Xavier School Hall

192 West 17th Street, near Sixth Avenue

Thanksgiving Eve, November 29, 1922

Admission, 50 Cents a person Payable at the door. No tickets sold in advance

There will be an exhibition of basket ball between two girl teams of the K. L. D. Also game between teams of the K. L. D. and St. Joseph's Institute. MUSIC FOR DANCING

INVESTMENT BONDS

The Victory 4 1/2%, due May 20th, 1923, bearing distinguishing letters "A" to "F" inclusively prefixed to the number on the face of the Note, have been called for payment on December 15th, 1922, at 100 and accrued interest. We will purchase these Notes at full market price and advise their immediate exchange for other Government issues or high grade long time bonds.

After December 15th, 1922, the above called Notes will cease paying interest.

NOTICE.

The only way to insure against the purchase of worthless securities is to buy through banks and bond houses of standing. The investment experience of good houses is an invaluable aid in the selection of the right type of bonds to suit individual requirements.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds 18 West 107th Street NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

AN INVITATION TO

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO MEET IN DENVER IN 1927



Col. W. E. Cody (Buffalo Bill), the great frontiersman is buried in Lookout's summit, 7,300 feet above sea level. Nearby is the Cody Museum (Pawnee Teepee) with the genuine personal relics of Buffalo Bill, free to the public. So remember Denver.

WANTED—AN AUDIENCE OF 100 REPRESENTATIVE DEAF WITH \$100 or MORE TO INVEST or LOAN at 6%

An opportune time now presents itself. There are many farms for sale just now on account of the "drought" and low prices for farm products. There's little reason for a "drought," if a farm has enough humus and is farmed right. Most farms are farmed wrong or farmed-to-death. The average farmer has not the time nor land to spare to follow. My plan is to buy a few of these farms, fallow half and work half by rotation and vice versa, lend tenants money to trade on a cash basis (the credit system has been the ruin of many), put houses and fences in condition, then trade or resell. This requires from one to three years. Rents will pay interest and improvements. I own an 8-acre deep tilling machine. Have tried the plan and have sworn statements to its success.

This is not a get-rich-quick scheme. Lender's principal and 6 per cent will be fully secured and guaranteed. If sufficient are interested, I shall organize a Company and have same incorporated (in Arkansas), so as to preserve and protect the lender's rights and interests.

For further particulars kindly write me, stating amount you wish to invest. No obligation on your part, however. Address JOHN E. PURDUM, 61 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Parish House, 239 Adelphi Street, first Thursday each month, at 8 P. M.

SAT. EVE MEETINGS 1923 Sat. Nov. 25th—Thanksgiving Fund Sat. Dec. 30th—Christmas Festival

SAT. EVE MEETINGS 1923 Sat. Feb. 10th—Package Party & Games Sat. March 24th—Lecture Sat. April 21st—Apron & Necktie Party & Games Sat. May 19th—Free Social & Games Sat. June 9th—Strawberry Festival in memory of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday.

MRS. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman.

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FOR DECEMBER 10th AND FOR ALL TIME—

Portraits of

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet

From the best painting ever made of him . . .

Per Copy, \$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.00 Oil Portrait, \$75.00

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The New England Mutual (Oldest Chartered Life Insurance Company in U.S.) offers you the most liberal policy contract possible.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

You gain nothing by delay. For full information and latest list of policyholders, address—

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Greater New York Branch OF THE National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 115 Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 311 West 181st Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 28, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either Deafule A. Binley, Secretary, 1590 Avenue A, New York City, or Alex L. Pach, Grand Vice-President 4th 1st 1st, 111 Broadway, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Loeffler's Hall, 508 Willis Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Business meetings, first Saturday of each month. Social nights, third Saturday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to J. C. M. Kabin, Secretary, 2989 Vyse Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is to social, recreational and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P. M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capile, President; S. Lowenherz, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

VISITORS IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc. Entire 4th floor 61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings First Saturdays Literary Meetings Last Saturdays Club rooms open every day

John E. Purdum, President. Thomas O. Gray, Secretary, 889 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Union deaf-mute service, 3 P. M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Residence: 611 N. Belmont Avenue. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes are welcome.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf Will answer all calls. J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark